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The United Irishman : New York, week ending September 26, 1891

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THE UNITED IRISHMAN

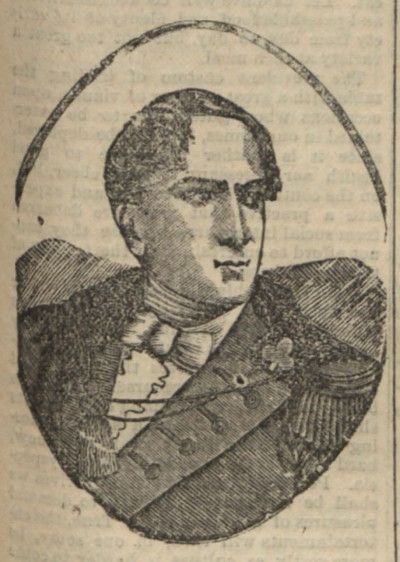
ULSTER. CONNAUGHT. LEINSTER. MUNSTER.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

VOLUME X. No. 462. Price 5c on Newsstands; $2 a Year by Mail.

Hurrah for Munster, stout and brave
For Ulster, sure and steady;
For Connaught, rising from the grave;
For Leinster, rough and ready;
The news shall blaze from every hill,
And ring from every steeple,
And all the land with gladness fill—
We're one united people!



PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.—Every Englishman going into Ireland to govern Ireland for England deserves death.

Every Irishman who thinks so—and every Irishman does think so—ought to buckle on his armor to slay the invader.

Join the United Irishmen. Send on to No. 12 [illegible] street, New York, for constitutions and instructions.

If I could grasp the unquenchable fires of hell I would seize them and hurl them into the face of my country's enemy.—John Mitchel.

A British Minister is proof against an argument, but not against a bullet.—Thomas Francis Meagher.

Ireland is a rat in the path of an elephant, What is the elephant to do? Squelch it, by heavens, squelch it!—Thomas Carlyle.

On the land or on the sea, on the tramp throughout the world,
Where an exiled child of Ireland sees the British flag unfurl'd;
Let all that flag upholds to the fiery flames be given,
That the incense of our vengeance may rejoice the souls in heaven.

John Mitchel's denunciation of Irish Nationalists serving in England's Parliament;—what he said when his friend Thomas Francis Meagher was "running" for Waterford:

"We pray for his defeat. If Mr. Meagher were in Parliament, men's eyes would be attracted thither once more; some hope of 'justice' might again revive in this too easily deluded people. The nobler his genius, the more earnest his zeal, the more conspicuous his patriotism, just the more mischief would he do in propping up through another session, perhaps through another famine, the miserable delusion of a 'parliamentary party,' "—John Mitchel's Last Conquest of Ireland.

It is well to leave these words standing in the UNITED IRISHMAN, as a lesson to the "too easily deluded people" of the present day.

As soon as a goose sitting on a batch of gluggers will hatch goslings, as soon will an Irishman sitting in the English Parliament hatch an Irish Parliament.—Diarmaid o Eire.

It is but whistling jigs to milestones to send "representatives" to that Parliament. In the future, when we hear of any man to ask an Irish constituency to send him to the British Parliament, we will set that man down as a cheat, a sham, a deceiver prepense.—Transatlantic, April 27, 1870.

THURBER, WHYLAND & CO'

A Card from O'Donovan Rossa.

TO MY FRIENDS—In order to enable me to continue the publication of the UNITED IRISHMAN and hold my ground, I have made a connection with the well-known house of hurber, Whyland & Co., to sell groceries, including reliable wines, liquors and cigars, in which items, dealing as they do largely, and having an auxiliary business to share expenses, they can offer exceptionally good value.

I will appreciate any preference that my friends may show me in bestowing their orders, and ask no favors beyond a preference at the same or a lower price.

I will be pleased to furnish price-lists or samples upon application, and may occasionally have the pleasure of calling on my friends when I am able to get away from New York long enough to do so. Respectfully, &c., O'DONOVAN ROSSA, 12 Spruce Street, New York

The American Citizen.

CAN HE BE BROUGHT TO ACCOUNT IN ENGLAND FOR HIS POLITICAL WORDS OR DEEDS IN AMERICA?

When I was in Chatham prison in England Colonel John Warren of Boston, Colonel Rickard O'Sullivan Burke of Chicago and Captain Elligott Costello of New York, were ushered into my company one fine frosty morning, and after that morning we spent a few years of convict life together, breaking stones and chopping wood. Then Colonel Warren and Captain Costello were taken away from me; they were released from prison by some interference of the United States government on their behalf.

I think Colonel Warren claims that his particular case of arrest and imprisonment is the case in which England gave up an old claim of hers—the claim of "once an English subject, always an English subject," and the claim of treating as she liked, regardless of American citizenship or any other citizenship, any one found in any part of her dominions. I think Colonel Warren and many other American citizens are to-day under the impression that you, an American citizen, cannot be brought to account in England for anything the laws of the United States will allow you to say or do in America. Be that as it may, I proceed to give to those interested in the subject the information I possess.

In January 1871, I was in prison in England, under a sentence of imprisonment for life. England offered me a release from prison if I consented to go to America and not to return to England, Ireland or Scotland for twenty years. I accepted the offer, and was presented with what is called "A Patent of Pardon."

The twenty years expired last January, and I had and have still, some irrepressible desire to revisit Ireland. I wrote to Mr. Blaine, the Secretary of State of the United States of America, for a passport, and I got it. On that occasion the following correspondence passed between us:

The Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington:

Dear Sir: I apply to you for a passport to Europe. I am an Irishman. I tried to drive England out of Ireland; England arrested me in Ireland in the year 1865 and sentenced me to "Penal servitude for life." In 1871 she gave me a patent of conditional pardon, a copy of which I enclose. She shipped me from Chatham prison to America, and forbade me to return for twenty years. The twenty years are up now, and I desire to take a trip to Ireland and other places in Europe.

My friends here say England will arrest me and put me in prison again, and keep me in prison for life; more of the friends say she will not, because James G. Blaine is Secretary of State now, and he will insist that England cannot arrest an American citizen for any act of his, or any speech of his inimical to England in the United States. Of course, if I break the law of England, I'll be arrested, as you or any one else would be arrested.

But the passport I want is one that will save me from arrest on my landing in the Cove of Cork—provided I commit no crime on shipboard during the voyage.

I don't or I won't deny that, as an Irishman and as an American, I have, while in America done all I could do to help Irishmen to free Ireland from the tyranny of England. You, by your speeches and your contributions have helped in that direction yourself.

I enclose you the necessary papers for the passport, with the legal fee.

I will, if you wish, send you the original "Patent of Pardon," but I could not send it in a letter, as the great seal of England—two pounds weight of beeswax—is tied to it.

Yours very respectfully,
JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, January 10, 1891.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Esq., 12 Spruce Street, New York City:

Sir: Referring to your application of the 7th instant, I enclose herewith a passport in the usual form. The Department cannot furnish you with a passport in any other form, and cannot give you a guarantee against arrest in foreign countries on criminal charges. I am sir,

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM F. WHARTON,
Assistant Secretary.

Enclosure—A passport.

12 Spruce St., New York, Jan. 13, 1891.

The Hon. James G. Blaine.

Dear Sir: In your letter of date January 10, 1891, sending me a passport for Europe, you say you "cannot give a guarantee against arrest in foreign countries on criminal charges."

I wish to know from you if the passport will guarantee me from arrest and trial in foreign countries on any charge made against me in foreign countries for anything I have said or done in the United States, while a citizen here during the past twenty years.

I have no objection to being tried in America for any acts or words of mine during the past twenty years.

Yours respectfully,
JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 15, 1891.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, No. 12 Spruce St., New York:

Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, in which, referring to the statement that this government could not give you a guarantee against arrest in foreign countries on criminal charges, you inquire whether the passport sent you will guarantee you against arrest and trial in foreign countries on any charge against you for anything you have said or done in the United States.

By reference to the passport it will be seen that it does not contain a guaranty of any sort against arrest and trial in foreign countries on criminal charges. In issuing a passport, this government obviously cannot anticipate that the bearer either will or will not be arrested and held for trial on such charges; nor does it exercise that direct control over the administration of the law in foreign jurisdictions which alone would enable it to guarantee freedom from arrest. In the rare instances, therefore, in which such an extraordinary assurance has been sought, the department has uniformly declined to give it.

I am sir, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM F. WHARTON,
Assistant Secretary.

12 Spruce St., New York, Jan. 17, 1891.

The Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington:

Dear Sir: I have before me your letter of January 15. Of course you cannot give any guaranty to save an American citizen from arrest in foreign counties. But I have been reading of your name in connection with a law or a treaty or an agreement made between the United States and Great Britain: that an American citizen cannot be held in prison in Great Britain for any political words or acts of his in the United States of America.

It is in the belief that such a law treaty, or agreement existed that I applied to you for the guaranty, and I respectfully desire to know now, if such a law, treaty or agreement is in force between the two nations.

I do not desire to be giving you any trouble, but I like to know my rights as a citizen of this great country.

Yours very respectfully,
JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Memorandum for Mr. Blaine, by Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa:

My father is buried in Ireland, my mother is buried in Charleston, S. C.

My elder brother John is dead. He served through the war here, in the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry.

My younger brother Conn, is dead. He servedthrough the war here in the warship "Iroquois."

My sister, Mary Webb is dead. Her husband, Walter Webb served through the war here, in the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, under Colonel Michael Kerwin, who is in the Revenue Department here in New York. The Webb children are on the United States pension list.

So that all the family were in the American war against England, except myself. I was in the Irish war against England.

I have twelve children *born in the United States*, seven of them living here, and five of them buried here

I have four older children who were born in Ireland.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1891.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, 12 Spruce St., New York:

Sir: Replying to your inquiry of the 17th instant, I have to state that there is no arrangement of any kind in force between the United States of America and Great Britain on the subject to which your letter relates. I am sir,

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM F. WHARTON,
Assistant Secretary.

That letter was plain enough, and I thought it was right and proper to let the correspondence end there.

So that, after all the talk we have heard from Irishmen about an American citizen being free from all accountability in Ireland or England for anything political he has said or done in America regarding England, there really is no such protection given him in his papers of American citizenship.

RECEIVED FOR THE PAPER.

Edward McCloskey, Derry and Glasgow, 230 Fulton st., Brooklyn..	$5 00
John O'Leary, 5 Beekman st., N X..	5 00
John Murphy, Ballincollig,, 303 E 63d st.....	3 00
Bernard O'Connor, Dublin Centre...	2 00
Daniel Cushing, Jr., 235 W 42d....	1 00
Jas J Walsh, 27 City Hall Place...	1 00
Joe Lynch, Philadelphia, New York	2 00
James Moran, Tipperary, 332 Rivst, per Captain Spearman.....	4 00
Edmond Flynn, Kanturk, 331 1st ave,.....	5 00
Mr. Clancy, Killaloe, 1042 3d ave	2 00
Philip Stacom, Longford, 2369 3d ave	2 00
John Courtney, Parish of Enniskeen Cavan, 322 E 24th st....	5 00
David Pyne, Blacksmith Macroom, 172 Hudson st., N. Y.....	2 00
George L Walker, New Castlewes, 523 Canal st., New York.....	5 00
Thomas O'Brien Doneraile, 182 West	4 00
Michael Rielly, Bonmahan Amawalk	2 00
Jerrie McCarthy, 358 Bridge st., E Cambridge.....	2 50
Wm R Lonergan, Irvington, N Y.	5 00
J McAuliff, Denver, Col..	4 00
P J Shine, 326 E 60th st	2 00
John Murphy, Macroom, 411 E 65th	2 00
Edw Willis, of Taltow, Waterford, 315 E 2sd st, New York,.....	10 00
Sylvester Cotter, of Bantry, 1317 Ave A, hotel near Jones' Wood.	5 00
James Fulton, of Croghan Roscommon, 338 E 11th st., New York.	3 00
Anthony Bourke, Sligo, 583 E 16th.	2 00
Conn. Sheahan, Burlington, Vt.....	2 00
J. W. Keogh, per John O'Leary...	2 00

John Donohue and William Mc Kinley.

Mr. John Donohue of Paterson New Jersey is a tenant of ours. Owen Walsh another tenant sends us a letter of John's that is published in the Jersey papers. It touches upon Irish national affairs and upon American national affairs. Many of the Irishmen of to-day do not know what the Forty-shilling freehold meant, but our friend Mr. Donohue explains it in his letter. He says. "As the Irish question is the chief topic at present in both hemispheres, it may be opportune to review the past and present prospects for Ireland in the future. The opening of this century found William Pitt at the helm of State in Great Britian and it found the people of Ireland in a fairly prospereus condition, for Pitt being one of the greatest prime minister warriors that England ever saw, he nurtured the prosperity of Ireland by taking care of the population, that was to furnish him with the greatest stalwart soldiers the world ever saw and whose bayonet charges always swept the field and whose husbandry raised and sold out of Ireland produce for the support of 15 000,000 of people. This was under the reign of Pitt by the forty-shilling franchise which made voters of every man who had paid that amount of rent, and in return the landlord class were very anxious to create as many voters as possible on their estate by parceling of plots of land of about two acres or more in extent and charging forty shillings rent therefor, making voters by the wholesale, to the benefit of the people who could raise a large family comfortably on these pieces of land with a house on it and only forty shillings to pay for rent. This caused the population of Ireland to raise from 5,000,000 in 1800 to nearly 9,000,000 in 1840. Napoleon being conquered, and peace being declared, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Wellington and several others took the reins of government, disfranchised the forty shilling freeholders, who being of no use to the landlord, evictions were the order of the day and they vied with each other to destroy the population that maintained the Empire at home and abroad under Pitt.

Now the great effort of to day is to get the prosperity of Ireland back to where it was in the days of Pitt, and as this could not be brought about by constitutional means, Mr. Parnell has been commissioned by the people to harrass the landlords and make them give back the land to the people at a fair rental, and when he explained to Michael Davitt and other phisical force leaders the great benefit Ireland would receive by it, they all joined in and worked to his satisfaction, and to such a degree that they brought the rents down 50 per cent, and also we hear of the landed aristocracy calling to sell out. The present downfall of Parnell, will have no bad effect on the good work, as we can see every day.

Lord Salisbury, the present prime minister, and his nephew, Balfour, who are getting large grants of money, are actually buying the land for the people and letting them have it at their own price out and out forever.

Now is the time for the men on this side of the Atlantic to put the screws on Salisbury, by driving him and Balfour out of our markets altogether, and make them look to Ireland for the market that has been closed against them here by Wm McKinley, and if the Irishmen in this country want Ireland to prosper, they must do all they can to elect McKinley in Ohio this Fall, and that will cause Britain to give up all hopes of ever being able to draw resources from here and will make her foster the peasantry of Ireland for the protection of the empire, the same as Pitt did in his day, and will give her majesty's government a sure and safe footing at home, and will prevent her from driving our people in Ireland to the four winds of heaven. JOHN DONOHUE.

Presented to Dan O'Geary.

Dan O'Geary of the Three Trees of Glanworth, is as proud as a peacock these days. He called into the office lately with a blackthorn stick nearly as stout as himself which was once the property of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and which was brought over from Ireland lately by Judge James Fitzgerald, and presented by him to Dan. It has a silver band, with the words "Rebel Dan" engraved on it. Mrs. Fitzgerald did not forget Dan, either. She brought him a splendid Irish flag with harp and shamrock worked into it by the girls of old Garryowen. On Patrick's Day next, Dan will be the proudest Irish rebel that will parade the City ef New York.

Already he sings:

The conquering hero comes; our Judge
Fitzgerald great and grand,
The pride and picture of Old Erin's land.

John Breman:—That James Eulton of Roscommon, 338 East 11th st., New York, whose name you see on the rent roll, had a long talk about you this week. He worked with you the first years you came to Ameriea. I told him you'd have to give him a "lunch" when you came over.

John of Philadelphia:—Instead of your poem on Kickham I print this week Kickham's "Sagart Arooin," which many of the tenants have been calling for this time past.

Spirit of the Nation

Thos. Milmow, New Orleans.

Find enclosed $2, for United Irishman. This settles up to April 11, 1892. Former payments have been made through Patrick Flood, but he has failed to call.

THOS. MILMOW, Napoleon Ave.

Thomas!—We hope nothing is the matter with Patrick Flood. A few months ago he wrote to us saying he was about to go around among the tenants; but we have not heard from him since.

Michae O'Mear a, Cincinnati.

Dear Sir—The enclosed $2 is the subscription of T. Cooney, 176 Cutter street, a new subscriber.

That is just what we want, Michael—a new subscriber. We want many new subscribers. Death has been playing havoc among our tenants these years past, and those who remain in the field have been doing nothing to close up the ranks. Here now—we want some of them to follow your example and send in th names of some new subscribers.

Timothy McEnerney, Kilbeggan, Franklin, California.

Dear Rossa—I enclose you $4, two to pay the rent for '91, and two to use for your own convenience. If you go back to Ireland treat your friends with it as far as it goes. You want to know if O'Hanlon ever turned up. Not in California. He says the only thing torments him is Englishmen going there preaching and blowing about Irish politics, for no purpose only to blindfold and deseive the Irish people.

I went down to San Francisco the 17th of March. I went over to Oakland and met your old friend Mr, William Allen; had a long talk with him. He was in good health for a man of 71. O'Hanlon and Mr, Allen were great friends. I was back in Ireland in '84 to see Kilbeggan, Westmeath.

Excuse my letter writing. I could write a letter forty years ago.

TIMOTHY MCENERNEY.

Irishmen in Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find draft $6 sent from P. Gagen ($2), Daniel McCarthy ($2), and Thomas O'Neil ($2). Mr. O'Neil is an old tenant, but his paper don't go to the right postoffice. Send his to Kimball, Erie County.

Wishing you and yours health, wealth and prosperity, and a long life to enjoy the same, I remain, Yours, as ever,

DANIEL MCCARTHY.

Donal! Bheirim mo bhuidhechas duit, agus do Thomais a's Padruig.

John P. Quinlan, Leadville.

Dear Sir—I presume you will have classed me with your bad tenants by this time. However, I hope to be able to do better in future. I believe I am in arrears since 1889. Enclosed you will find $5. Will you please send me a poem which you published early last summer entitled

Come forward, unite and be ready,
The dear little Ireland to save;
If we are but constant and steady,
The green flag triumphant will wave.

I believe it was by Patrick Kane.

JOHN P. QUINLAN,

John! I'd send you the poem if I could only lay my hand on it. ROSSA.

Jerrie Hickey, Ireland, David's Island.

Dear Rossa—Please find enclosed a subscription for your independent and outspoken journal. I am glad to see by your last issue that your tenants are doing better. I suppose you call them by that name out of friendship for Irish landlordism, the tyrrany of which you must well remember.

To speak of our duty towards the old country is at this moment, all things considered, a very unpleasant undertaking. Still I think every honest man should rise to his feet and be heard on the cause of the deplorable condition into which the Irish National movement is now plunged.

We can read very able arguments on behalf of each side. I mean the Healy clan and Parnell and his personal followers, but the only argument we hear about Home Rule, or the regeneration of the country from the Healyite supporters, is to banish Parnell and throw ourselves unprotected into the arms of Gladstone. From a small study of Irish history and the systematic course of persecution heaped upon us by English statesmen, some of whom were sham friends and others open foes, I almost leap with frenzy at the idea of placing our misgoverned Island and true and faithful people at the disposal of any English party.

I am only a very short time from Ireland. Respectfully yours,

JERRIE HICKEY.

Jerrie Hickey! The editor of this paper doesn't believe in either party, or doesn't side with either party. He believes in a party able to put the fear of God or the fear of the devil into the English. A party such as that would soon rise up in Ireland, in England and America, if the Irish here would only stop their support from the humbugging work of parliamentary agitation.

Balfour is playing his tricks now, and trying to wheedle the Irish by doing his little share of promising Home Rule. But—do you know what the Tories are afraid of now?—They're afraid that the Irish in America, having withdrawn their support from Parnell, will turn that support into dynamite. That's what's the puzzle and the terror of Balfour and the rest of them now. Where is Pat Crowe at all. Gor! how he used to frighten the English some years ago!

"Uncle Dan" of Kerry, Muskegon.

O'Donovan Rossa! Enclosed find $2, the subscription of Patrick Nolan for the United Irishman for one year. A new subscriber, D. J. MORIARITY.
Formerly known as Uncle Dan from Kerry

Thanks, Uncle Dan, thanks. Some of our tenants have been asking what happened you, it is so long since they heard from you. Keep up your heart, There must be a turn in affairs soon. Things are at the worst now, for since the day you first hurrah'd for O'Connel ou the Kerry Hills, you did not see the Irish National cause in a more sorry condition than it is to-day.

Ww. R. Lonergan, Irvington, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find cheque for $5 for paper. You ask me if I am poor; well, I should say "no," thank God. If I am rich, I do not know what that means. In Irvington, the home of millionaires, you are not counted rich unless you are a millionaire, and that I am not, thank God. But I tell you that I am independent and care not a continental for the frown or nod of anybody. I owe more to the landlord of the United Irishman than the rent of 1891, but feel positive I owe no more than I send cheque for—$5.

By the way, as much as I disiike the name of landlord, I am a landlord myself, but not by plunder, such as are our landlords in Ireland, and some of my tenants owe me as much as eight gales rent.

I am glad you escaped serious injury by being run over at the fire in Nassau street Tuesday, as I see by this morning's *Sun*.

WM. L. LONERGAN.

Maurice Downey, Montague, Michigan

Find enclosed $2 for the running gale of the estate. Thankful you kept the keepers from me so long. Let me know if O'Rielly's Dictionary in Irish and English can be had in New York. Also a copy of Father Nolan's prayer book in Irish and English. Mind, in Gaelic type.

Fanaim, mar ba guath, do sherebhiseach dilis agus do charaid go firinneach.

MAURICE DOWNEY.

Maurice! O'Reilly's Dictionary in Irish can be had in New York; but the price is high—$6 or so. Father Nolan's Irish prayer book is here at 50c, but I have no seen a copy of it with an English translation.

Laurence McGrath, of Syracuse.

Dear Rossa—Jerry Flynn gave me $2 for the paper some time ago. Please publish the same. Remember me to Mon. McGrath. LAURENCE MCGRATH,
of Tipperary.

Mon! We suppose this is one of the comrades who was with you in the "Rising." We slept at his house in Syracuse a few years ago; but we didn't sleep 'till morning, for he kept us talking all aight about the "Rising" in Tipperary.

Dear Rossa--Enclosed you will find the um of $2 fent for 1891.

WM. O'CONNELL, of Ireland.
333 East 6th Street. (Good landlord; careless tenants).

Wm. Conyngham, 2596 3d Ave.

Dear Rossa--Find euclosed $2 for the paper. Only for the United Irishman we would not know there was such a thing as an Irish National cause.

What has been the outcome of the large sums of money sent to Ireland from time to time? The people poorer, still emigrating from that beautiful land that you know well is the most beautiful on the face of the errth.

If that is all, it should be changed and let something or nothing take the place of sending money to pay bankrupt landlords. In reality the landlords are the only persons benefited by such money.

Parnell is gone! he kept up some semblence of a national fight and is a good man in any cause. But Justin McCarthy and the Priests and Bishops telling Irishmen to follow his leadership!

I say good-bye to such a cause, and good-bye to those who believe in it.

M. CONYNGHAM.

THE HORANS OF SAXONVILLE.

To sustain the principles of the UNITED IRISHMAN accept for rent $2, from John Hill, shoemaker, Kinsale; $2 from my little boy Robert Emmett, and $2 for my own rent. Mr. Hill is one of the old-time veterans. He stood in the gap for Ireland in the time of need. His father and all his brothers were shoemakers and rebels. He still thinks the day will yet come when he will fight under the old banner for freedom on Irish soil. He believes in being well organized and striking a decisive blow. We second the motion.

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THE

UNITED IRISHMAN.

Published and Edited by

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

All correspondence should be addressed to O'Donovan Rossa, New York.

Terms per year.....$2 00
Clubs of four separate addresses..... 6 00
Single copies..... 5 cts

OFFICE:

12 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

Give the Irish Hope.

Give the Irish hope that they will have aid in their fight against England and all the power of England cannot control them They will rise superior to it all, and they will fight against it all. England has tried hard to crush that hope, but she has not succeeded. The Irish in America have done more to crush it than England has done. How? Oh, never mind, many ways. Parnell boasted that he killed the revolutionary movement in Ireland. You helped Parnell; you helped him to kill the Irish revolutionary movement in Ireland. England does not care a pin for the power of any other movement in Ireland. You meant well of course, we give credit for that you meant well when you made your two raids on Canada a quarter of a century ago, but you must remember it was in Ireland and England the help of yourselves was promised and was wanted, and that we there at the time were left in the lurch because it did not come.

We started with the I. R. B. movement in 1858, the spirit of the country was still, was sleeping. It started into life when the hope of foreign aid was whispered in our ears. When it was whispered through the country that the Irish in America were to come over with ships, with men and with arms, Ireland leaped into life, and England got alarmed.

Ireland is apparently dead now again; the telegrams tell us that Balfour rides through Tipperary without as much as a "black look being thrown at him. The spirit of the men who would fight if they had any means to fight with is locked up. The foreign aid: the natural aid which their own people in America and Australia and other parts should give them to fight or to frighten the enemy, is given to give 'gab' to that enemy in a London parliament, while the London landlord has his agents over, dragging the rents out of the people, and leveling their homes if they didn't pay them.

Put a plaster on the ulcer; will that cure it? It will not. You must get at the root of the ulcer. You must cut it out. Under English rule in Ireland, decay and distress is natural to the condition of the Irish people. The proper way to relieve distress in Ireland, said Dr. McGlynn at one of the Land league meetings in New York, is to remove the cause of the distress. We heard him say it, and we told him afterward that what he meant was to remove the English government from Ireland, for that was really the cause of all the distress in that land. He smiled, but spoke not.

We have been falling out and falling in with many men in our life in Irish national politics these forty years past. It is the giving of a few moments' thought to a letter received this morning from one of our dearest friends that move us to write this article. We may let you see that letter. It is from John Brennan of Roscommon and Sioux City. He writes from Santa Barbaras, California, and says:

DEAR ROSSA:—By chance I received one of your papers. I do not get the *Unitid Irishman* regularly. It goes to San Diego, but I am not there any longer. Will go to San Francisco in two weeks and will then see Capt Filgarte, Jim Irwin and the rest of the boys. The article in your paper of August 22 by John Tierney, is good. I return it; read it. 'Tis the Spirit of John Mitchell. You talk about my relying on Parliamentary and Land eague forces. Hell, man, I don't, Do not slander me. "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith," as our departed friend St. Paul would say Tierney speaks the gospel for me. But there is no concealing the deplorable fact that the national spirit is in abeyance.

Meanwhile look kindly on the McKinley bill. It has done more damage and stricken more terror to England than anything since your "resources of civilization." I am not dead, only 46 years old. In good health. Will sail via Panama and lunch (15c lunch) with you in March. Love to Mrs, Rossa and the children.

JOHN BRENNAN.

Santa Barbara, Cala.

That Chicago Convention—It I Coming.

I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf,
Till I come the time is brief.

Writing those words, "It is coming," awakens in my mind that little rhyme that is nestling there these fifty odd years and more since I was at John Cushan's school long ago. I write the rhyme to put in good humor some friends of mine, who told me this week, "I said something cross in my last paper about that coming Chicago Convion." I did not say anything cross or crooked. I said something sad and sorrowful—as I feel sad and sorrowful on the head of all those Irish conventions we have in America in the name of Ireland—in the name, and ostensibly with the aim of freeing Ireland from England. Why shouldn't I feel sad and sorrowful on looking at them? Why shouldn't any honest Irishman feel sad and sorrowful on looking at them? If I went back to Ireland to morrow—if England allowed me to live in Ireland, what hope of aid for Ireland's freedom could I have from Irish conventions in America if my judgment on them were to be based on my knowledge of them here for the last twenty years? I don't like to answer the question—I don't like to freeze the spirits ar the hopes of the men at home who have been looking to you here for your aid to enable them tto figh the enemy at home. I mean the men who feel they are able to free Ireland by fight, if they had the means to fight, There are such men at home still; there are such Irishmen in Ireland and England still; and if your coming Chicago Convention will only give those men the encouragement exiled Irishmen should give them, Balfour and his gang will very soon have something else to do besides riding rough shod over Ireland and the Irish people.

You have had enough of Irish parliamentary patriotism. You have spent enough of your money on it. Try the other thing now. You have been long enough throwing tufts of grass at the thief in your apple tree. Throw stones at him now, and you will see how very soon he will come down.

Let this convention in Chicago resolve itself into an organization that will gather resources to persuade England it will be to her interest to gave up to Irishmen the government of Ireland, and we will be satisfied with its work. But let it have as an executive body to do such work, men with clean hands and clean records in Irish affairs; men with an ambition to save Ireland and who would go a little out of their way to do it, and men who would not be afraid or ashamed before God and man, to avow that they were doing all they could do on earth to destroy the tyranny of England in Ireland.

A Summons from Maurice O'Connor.

We have from time to time this year past been summoning our tenants on the UNITED IRISHMAN estate to help us to hold our ground on the straight ticket for Ireland by sending in the rent—rent in arrears or rent in advance— we don't mind much which, as long as it comes in anyway. Some reply promptly, principally the ones who are rich and who are prosperous on the estate and who do not owe any rent. Others don't reply at all; perhaps they are poor, and cannot help it. If they are we can have a fellow-feeling for them and will not think of evicting them so long as we can hold the ground ourselves.

But this Kerry tenant of ours, Maurice O'Connor, should not have given us the fright he did by sending us anything printed in the shape of a summons, which he did yesterday by mailing to us this printed notice:

Court of Public Opinion. Maurice O'Connor, 241 East 59th street, between 2d and 3d avenues, vs, The People ex rel, etc.,

Summons, etc.

To the editor of the United Irishman:

You are hereby summoned and commanded to appear in person with your friends and acquaintances, all other business and excuses notwithstanding, at my New Wine Saloon on the premises situated at No. 241 East 59th street, on Monday, September 28, 1891, hours not numbered, and then and there show cause why you should not partake of an elegant lay-out provided for the occasion by said Maurice O'Connor, and to testify to the best of your knowledge and judgment as to the quality of the stock of wines, liquors, segars, and Bavarian beer, there kept on hand.

Should you fail to appear on that date, you will be adjudged guilty of contempt, and forfeit a superb lunch and a good time generally. FAILTE ROAT, Manager,

By his Clerk, CAURDIH GODEO.

The elections are at hand, and the exchange papers coming on our editorial table from all the States, bring with them an air of business. It looks as if our own State of New York will have as hard a fight for governor as any State in the Union. There are no split tickets of any account in the field to distract the voters. It is a square stand up fight between the Republican candidate, "Jerrie" Sloat Fassett, and the Tammany candidate, Roswell "Patrick" Flower. Next year being the presidential year, this year's election for governor of the State of New York is going to tell.

Horses in the Time of Homer.

The horses used in Homer's time were war horses. The warriors were drawn in chariots. The art of riding was known, but it is alluded to as something unusual. Ulysses at the time of his shipwreck "bestrode a plank, like a horseman on a big steed." There are reasons for believing that the practice of riding was much later than that of driving, and the myth of the Centaur, where, according to Shakespeare "man is incorpsed and deminatured with the beast," probably originated at an early period, when the appearance of a man on horseback was a novel sight.—Chicago Herald.

Men with Beards.

What a vast difference there is between one beard and another! There is the long, untrammeled beard, broad and thick, which the owner caresses as if it were an infant. Men with such beards may, I think, as a rule, be trusted rather more than other men. Can you imagine a Venetian doge or a member of the council of ten without a beard? I can not. If you have seen a man of mark fondle his long beard during the processes of reflection, you will be apt to wonder whether or not his mind would lose its equilibrium if he were in the night to be shaven clean. —All the Year Round.

MIKE O'REILLY, BONMAHON, AMAWALK.

Dear friend Rossa:—It is near time I should send on my rent to you for my paper, the UNITED IRISHMAN. It is some time since I was in New York, but, all the same I keep reading your fearless and true doctrine in the IRISHMAN. It is a long time ago since I first saw you in my native village, Bonmahon, County Waterford. It was in John O'Brien's house I saw you. I thought that the happiest hour of my life, I think it was in 1864 or '65, I can by your paper that you are just as full of fight this day as you were then. Here are $2. Keep on sending the IRISHMAN to my address. Mrs. O'Reilly would like to see the "Sagaart Arooin" song in the paper.

Michael, yes, it was in 18864 or '65 I met you at O'Brien's, in Bonmahon. The O'Briens were cousins of James Xavier O'Brien, and James Xavier was with me that day. He was a good man then; we met in Dungarvan that morning, and we travelled that picturesque winding up-hill and down-dale road in view of the river from Dungarvan to Stradbally. You say Mrs. O'Reilly wants me to print "Sagart Aruin" for her. I suppose it is Charles Kickham,s "Salgart Aruin" she wants. Well, I'll print it, I have it here in the "Prison Life" of that madman O'Donovan Rossa, and with it I will print what he says in connection with it. He is writing about his being in Pentsonville prison, London in 1866, when a new batch of prisoners arrived, and he says:

I learned from O'Connor that Stephens remained in Dublin for months after he was taken out of Richmond Bridewell; that a fight was expected; that fourteen or fifteen of them had come to Pentonville; that the men behind me were Kickham, Brophy, Mulcahy, Kenealy, Roantree, Carey Brian Dillon, John Lynch, Charley O'Connell, Tom Duggan, Jerry Donovan, of Blarney, "The Galtee Boy," and "some others," as he styled others whom he knew I did not know personally. He made his syllables as short as possible, and he gave me no surnames where he was aware I would recognize the names without them.

Returning to my cell, a prisoner impeded my passage at the foot of the stairs of which I was to ascend. His jacket, his waistcoat, his braces were loosened and his arms extended, as the officer was searching him preliminary to his entering his cell, for we used to be put through this going to chapel and coming from chapel—in fact every time that we were leaving our cell or entering it. Looking at the prisoner I recognized him as Kickham, and had I acted on impulse I would have rushed at him and embraced him before the officer could have arrested me. I did not do so, and when I entered my cell I got sick; I had checked the natural course of my feelings, they became stagnant somewhere, and I became most uncomfortable, until I found relief by bursting into tears. They flowed, and I let them flow for some ten minutes, but they did not come until some verses of Kickham's came into my head as I was walking madly about my cell, and thinking of the unnatural combination that sent such men as he into penal servitude. He, an Irish Catholic; yes as true a one as any priest or bishop that ever denounced the cause for which he suffered; aye, as full of faith, as pious and as moral too. I should like to have Kickham's faith, for I'd like to have the mind and the faith of such a good and gifted man, but I fear I can never have either. His verses of the "Saggarth Aroon" came into my mind on this occasion I am speaking of; I repeated them in whispers as I paced my cell; they revived memories of olden times; memories rather of youthful days. I felt the hard, unnatural state of things that placed some of the Irish priests in antagonism to those who were ready to risk all for the purpose of freeing Ireland, I felt that we were wronged, bitterly wronged, and, as I was reflecting upon that curse which came to divide priests and people in this cause rage or some other passion began to burn me. The tears started into my eyes, and I let them flow freely for the first time since I entered prison. This was a relief to me, and I make no apologies for putting in my book those verses that strike so deep into my soul whenever I read or repeat them:

Soggarth Aroon.

Cold is the cheerless hearth,
Soggarth aroon,
Sickness, and woe, and death,
Soggarth aroon,
Sit by it night and day,
Turning our hearts to clay,
Till life is scarce left to pray,
Soggarth aroon.

Yet stil in our cold heart's core,
Soggarth aroon,
One spot for evermore,
Soggarth aroom,
Warm we've kept for you—
Warm, and leal, and true—
For you, and old Ireland, too,
Soggarth aroon.

For sickness or famine grim,
Soggarth aroom,
This bright spot could never dim,
Soggarth aroon.
Dispair came with deadly chill,
Our lost fainting hope to kill,
But the twin love we cherished still,
Soggarth aroon.

Has poor Ireland nothing left,
Soggarth aroon,
This last wound her heart has cleft,
Soggarth aroon,
Ah! well may her salt tears flow.
To think—Oh my gaief and woe!—
To think 'twas you struck the blow,
Soggarth aroon.

We crouch 'neath the tyrant's heel,
Soggarth aroon,
We're mute while his lash we feel,
Soggarth aroon;
And, pining in dull dispair,
His wrongs we, like cowards, bear,
But traitors we never were,
Soguarth aroon.

And "stags" you would make us now,
Soggarth aroon,
You'd stamp on the bondsman's brow,
Soggarth aroon,
Foul treason's red burning brand.
Oh, doomed and woe-stricken land,
Where honor and truth are banned,
Soggarth aroon.

To those dark days we now look back,
Soggarth aroon,
When the bloodhound was on your track,
Soggarth aroon,
Then we spurned the tyrant's gold,
The pass then we never sold,
We are still what we were of old,
Soggarth arroon.

Passages in this poem can be better understood when I say that some priests were telling the people from the altars to deliver up to the police any one they found attempting to enroll men in the revolutionary movement.

The Possibilities of Ireland Under a Republic—"Charity."

Yes, that word charity, so suggestive of the slave and the pauper, and so much used to-day by the benovolent shams of every sect, should get no show in Ireland once the republic is established there, —"'Tis English you know," and was first introduced to Ireland in the shape of poor-houses, soup-kitchens, charity schools, charity-balls, charity-theatrical performances—in short charity-everything. Bah! No more of this sort of thing for Irishmen —'Tis work, not charity the people want, and to be paid in living wages when that work is finished. 'Tis English too, that aristocratic "fad" of the rich idler keeping the honest working man out of his hard-earned money for weeks, perhaps months at a time. Let the young artizans of Ireland, when their apprenticeship is finished, subscribe either monthly or quarterly to a fund to be got up in anticipation of the time they may be incapacitated by age or accident to need a home or haven of rest for the residue of their years—that they may die independent men—when no more passing around the hat, or sending their remains to an Irish pauper's grave, or "Potter's Field" will be possible in the land—when, instead of being cribbed and confined in a stuffy tenement house, each man will be the joint possessor of a palace with garden or park surroundings equal to those of any European potentate, when the miserable fear of being considered a burden to their relations and friends, in their sear and yellow leaf, will have no terrors for them. Yes, a palace for the working man by all means, and let its architecture be of a style that would not disgrace the capitals of either Greece or Rome—not a structure like that we saw pictured in a newspaper the other day of an asylum that is being built for the insane, so suggestive of the Spanish Inquisition or th French Bastile that it would make any person of correct architectural taste melancholy to look at it. But above all, and before all, I would ask the people's government—that is, should I live to see Ireland a Republic and have a voice in her Congress—to create employment for the unemployed workingmen of Dublin, by setting them to work to rid the city of that disgrace to civilization and Christianity, those rookeries or tumble-down houses which constitutes "the Liberty" and build in their stead, comfortable, healthy and sightly dwellings for the people who at present occupy them. The next thing I would suggest is a magnificent avenue or boulevard to run from St. Patrick's Cathedral west to St. Stephen's Green east, to be named after one of Ireland's most patriotic sons and Dublin's most liberal Protestant Dean, the glorious Swift—the man who at one time told his countrymen "to burn everything that England sent to Ireland except their coal." When the boulevard would be finished, a grand full-length collossal statue of the Dean either in bronze or granite, should stand in front of the Cathedral, and the space around that splendid pile enlarged and called Swift's Square. It is really a stigma on Ireland, more especially on Dublin, that there's no greater recognition of Swift in Dublin's street nomenclature than that miserable passage from one street to another, termed "Swift's Row" I cannot account for this apathy of the Irish touching Swift's memory. The people of Ireland are naturally an unbigoted and magnanimous people—Why some of the greatest patriots were of the Protestant faith: Such as Emmet, Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, William Orr, William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell and others. But if, as suspected, our foreign rulers or dictators expect to make any more religious or political capital on the "Divide and Rule" principal, they are woefully mistaken. I shall defer to another time what I have to say about the possibilities of Ireland.

LARRY O'MOORE.

We have known Larry O'Moore in the city of Dublin over a quarter of a century ago. He was then centre of an Irish revolutionary circle. He is in New York these dozen years past and he is one of the exceptions among the old I. R. B. men who has not given up the old faith, and who has not turned himself into a spouting patriot, to free Ireland by English parliamentary agitation.'

Over a quarter of a century ago we read Dr. Kane's "Industrial Resources of Ireland," and read there that Ireland had capacities for maintaining twenty millions of inhabitants. These capacities cannot be developed while England rules Ireland. So that the changes in the building trade in Dublin that are contemplated in Larry's letter cannot be brought about until the destruction of English rule in Ireland is brought about. That is the first work Irishmen have to do before they can have comfortable homes in Ireland. When that work is done the other work will naturally follow.

Thomas Hanly, Castlerea, dead.

HANLY— On Tuesday, September 22, THOMAS HANLY, aged 44 years.

Relatives and friends, also members of William D. Kennedy Post, No. 42, G. A. R., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his brother, Daniel Hanly, No, 129 ave. D, on Thursday, the 24th inst., at two P, M. Interment at Calvary.

Thomas Hanly was born in Castlerea County Roscomnon, Ireland. Beside being an esteemed citizen of America and worthy of that esteem, he was a true and trusted Irishman. He was the son of Daniel Hanly and Ellen Car roll of Castlerea and the brother of Coroner Daniel Hanly of New York City, God be good to him, and to all belonging to him, in the new land and the old.

John Brereton Kildare Dead.

Dennis Brereton of Robertstown, Kildare, a good and worthy Irishman living in New Brighton, Staten Island, died there lately. High mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated in St. Peter's Church in the presence of a large congregation of mourners.

Spirit of the Nation.

Continued from first page.

The English army is rotten. It is ripe for organizing; when a government's army goes back on its government, it's time to talk revolution. The French Canadians have soured on British rule lately. Australia is also tired of it.

Friend Rossa, don't be printing about Parnell or McCarthy Homerulers; let them rest; they are no credit to the Irish race the world over, fighting against each other instead of raising an army to wipe out British rule from their native land. Parnell could be a greater man than Gladstone if he had the true Irish pluck. The old hypocrite wants to sink the little isle and the people with it; that's what the socalled liberal Englishman wants. Gladstone! trust not the Saxon snake. What is wanted today is organizers such as John O'Mahoney and James Stevens to organize the Irish people the world over, not forgetting what you have done, and can do yourself. You were not afraid to take a twist at the lion's tail, though you were sentenced for the term of your natural life.

If the people could see how to get on top the old isle would be theirs soon; but it seems that the big navy is a scare, but the navy will favor the insurgents, as every vessel will take from five to seven hundred men away from the field. She could shell our cities, but that could be checkmated by firing hers. The peelers' force is another check; every revolutionist that don't know how to handle them should get out of the way. It's a small matter to gobble them up. How, I shall not say here. Another thing spoken against our success is our small population. Why speak so? There are as many Irish in England as were Southerners in the South when the Confederate States rebelled. There were then three millions. They put nine hundred thousand men in the field. I will close. Mr. Hill sends his best respects. He is one of the old skirmishers. He sent a check once for $100 to that fund. He will see you soon. Has not seen you since you were arrested in Cork for the Phoenix Society business in '58.

JOHN HORAN, Saxonville, Mass.

Yes, John Horan, and badly went that $100 which John Hill of Kinsale gave for that Skirmishing fund. There was ninety thousand dollars of that money got into the hands of that Devoy crowd, and now we see that same Devoy manouvering to have a part in shaping the work of this coming Chicago Convention. We hope the men who mean work for Irish freedom will have none of *his* work! He's no good.

Philip Stacom, Longford, 2367 3d av.

Friend Rossa—Please find enclosed herewith my subscription for your paper. If your subscribers would only forward their subscriptions to you as they could and should, I am satisfied that you would be now in Ireland, even without the American guarantee passport which citizens of foreign birth are led to believe they are entitled to, but which Mr. Blaine, the alleged friend of Ireland and foe of England, has refused you. This is about the depth of American politics from end to end. Yours, etc., PH. STACOM.

Philip, my dear friend! You're right about the money part of the matter. If I had *that* passport I'd take the other one and go to Ireland with it and face the consequences. I think it belongs to my life to go to Ireland.

If you go to that Chicago Convention sink yourself this time and go straight for Ireland.

Baked Potatoes.

The baked potato is more easily dgeisted than the boiled, because its starch is partly converted into dextrine by the high heat of the oven. The sweetness of the baked potato is an evidence of this. If, however, baked too long, or allowed to stand after it is done till cool, the starch becomes waxy and loses its delicious quality. The invalid and the dyspeptic should eat baked potatoes rather than those prepared in any other way.—Herald of Health.

Courtship.

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty and in too great a hurry will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger ends.—New York Ledger.

The Need of a Book on Sickness.

Some time in life it happens to most women to be brought face to face with sickness, and often with little of that knowledge at such a time so important and necessary. The skilled doctor and his valuable assistant, the trained nurse, may for various reasons not be at hand, and then it is that some standard work on nursing becomes the most helpful and interesting book in one's library.—New York Post.

To Clean Paint.

To clean paint, some housekeepers smear a piece of flannel in common whiting mixed to the consistency of paste in warm water, and with this they rub the surface to be cleaned, going over it briskly and washing off with pure soft water. It is claimed that grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, while the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Cruger (Julien Gordon), of New York, is described as "the conventional woman of high society." She is a woman of aristocratic beauty, with a languid manner and an apparent disposition to take life easily. Nevertheless, she accomplishes a great deal of hard literary work in a short time when the spirit moves.

Sweden boasts but one woman physician, who, however, enjoys a large practice in Stockholm. It takes nine years to qualify, which may account for the small advantage taken of the right to practice, granted nearly twenty years ago.

Do not fill lamps to the top, and do not burn them until they are entirely empty, for fear of an explosion. Do not keep them on the chimneypiece or in a very warm place, lest the gas expand with heat and thus cause explosion.

GIVE THE KISS I GAVE TO THEE.

'Tis my mother's step I hear;
Quick, oh, quickly give to me—
Haste, it is her step I hear—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
She doth fret me night and day;
"Kisses, prithee," she doth say,
"Never maid her love betray!"
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
"Have you kissed a man?" she'll say,
And I'll answer nay and nay;
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.

—Jennie E. T. Dowe in Century.

SIMPLICITY IN DIET.

Stuffing One's Guests Is Said to Be Barbarous and Should Be Stopped.

Simplicity of diet should be a point of first consideration with all persons upon whom falls the responsibility of providing the family bills of fare, since the simplest foods are, as a rule, the most healthful. Variety is needed—that is, a judicious mingling of fruits, grains and vegetables, but the general tendency is to supply our tables with too many kinds and to prepare each dish in the most elaborate manner, until in many households the cooking of food has come to be almost the chief end of life.

While the preparation of food should be looked upon as of so much importance as to demand the most careful consideration and thought as to its suitability, wholesomeness, nutritive qualities and digestibility, it should by no means be made to usurp the larger share of one's time when simpler foods and less labor would afford the partakers equal nourishment and strength.

Eating simply for the gratification of taste is a degrading custom. A great variety of foods at one meal exerts a potent influence in creating a love of eating, and likewise is a constant temptation to over eat. Let us have well cooked, nutritious and palatable food, and plenty of it; variety from day to day, but not too great a variety at each meal.

The prevalent custom of loading the table with a great number of viands, upon occasions when guests are to be entertained in our homes, is one to be deplored, since it is neither conducive to good health nor necessary to good cheer, but, on the contrary, is so laborious and expensive a practive that many are debarred from social intercourse because they cannot afford to entertain after the fashion of their neighbors.

Upon this subject a well known writer has aptly said: "Simplify cookery, thus reducing the cost of living, and how many longing individuals would thereby be enabled to afford themselves the pleasure of culture and social intercourse? When the barbarous practice of stuffing one's guests shall have been abolished a social gathering will not then imply, as it does now, hard labor, expensive outlay and dyspepsia. Perhaps when that time arrives we shall be sufficiently civilized to demand pleasures of a higher sort. True, the entertainments will then, in one sense, be more costly, as culture is harder to come by than cake.

"The profusion of viands now heaped upon the table betrays poverty of the worst sort. Having nothing to offer we offer victuals; and this we do with something of that complacent, satisfied air with which some more northern tribes present their tidbits of whale and walrus."—Bangor News.

Shortsightedness in Children.

Dr. Brudenell Carter, one of London's most eminent eye specialists, has of late endeavored to open people's eyes to their own shortsightedness. He is amazed at the ignorance of parents and teachers with regard to the very existence of visual defects in their children and gives them excellent advice. Unfortunately nearsighted children are often ignorant of their own calamity.

They are thought "stupid" because they cannot read the clock or the blackboard the same, or rather, at the same distance, as other children. They lose legacies because they are a few seconds behind in recognizing some relative from whom they have expectations. They are supposed to be wanting in dutiful interest, whereas, until the visitor comes quite close, they don't know whether it is their uncle, their aunt or the letter carrier. It is not until some serious consequence follows from the want of observation that the malady is discovered.

The public ignorance is no less about a matter one would think equally patent. "The popular notion that shortsighted eyes are strong eyes and that they improve with age," says Dr. Carter, "is erroneous." That they do not so improve is a fact one would think obvious to at least all nearsighted persons unless of a very sanguine disposition.—Philadelphia Star.

Valuable Lace That Is Lost.

Mrs. Bury Palliser tells a story of a lady who had some very fine old lace which she bequeathed to some young friends; but on the legatees going to take possession of the bequest, they found only new lace, and asked the maid of the deceased, an old Scotchwoman, where the old lace was. "I'se warrant it's a' there," was the reply of this sagacious abigail, "barring a wheen auld black ragged duds that I flung on the fire."

Another maid, a painstaking and cleanly soul, ashamed to present to its new possessor a coffee colored but priceless legacy of rare old lace, sewed it together and put it into a strong soap lye to simmer all night on the fire. In the morning she was surprised and dismayed to find that it was reduced to a jelly.—Chambers' Journal.

A Girl's Superstitions.

The American girl hunts for the four leaved clover, puts wedding cake under her pillow, practices Hallowe'en incantations, pulls a flower apart and murmurs, "He loves me, he loves me not," and throws a shoe after the newly married pair or deluges them with rice. She sticks melon seeds on her forehead and names them after her various suitors, designates the popping corn in the same manner or fishes the tea leaves from her cup, places them on the back of her left hand and hits them a smart blow with the back of the right hand, telling the true lover from the false by the hand to which the leaves happen to adhere.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Water for Indigestion of Babes.

Bottle fed infants probably suffer more from thirst than those nourished at the breast. The reason is that the food of the former is seldom perfectly suited, and if not so, there is more or less indigestion; which means that the stomach suffers from some irritation.

Where this exists there is always an unusual demand for water. Moreover, even in breast fed babies there is often indigestion, due to inefficiency of the little one's gastric juice, which would be benefited, and not impossibly cured, where they are given water from time to time.—Boston Herald.

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This Date in History—Sept. 20.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

336 B. C.—Alexander the Great born; on the same night the magnificent temple of Diana at Ephesus was burned by an incendiary.
86—Antoninus Pius, Roman emperor, born.
1415—Owen Glendower, Welsh patriot, died; born 1349.
1803—Robert Emmet hanged in Dublin; born there in 1780.
1862—Battle of Williamsport, Md.
1863—Terrible day at Chickamauga and final rout and retreat of the Federals; Federal loss about 19,000, near 2,000 killed on the field; Confederate loss 2,673 killed, 16,274 wounded and about 2,500 "missing." Several Confederate regiments had two-thirds of their number killed and wounded.
1888—Yellow fever broke out in Jackson, Miss., and was quite fatal at the start.

This Date in History—Sept. 21.

1327—Edward II of England murdered in Berkeley castle in a most horrible manner; born 1284.
1558—The Emperor Charles V died in the monastery of Yuste, Spain; born 1500.
1745—Battle of Prestonpans and death of Colonel James Gardiner.
1776—Great fire in New York, Trinity church and 493 buildings burned.
1778—Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, born; died 1846; the late Louis Napoleon was his last son.
1820—Joseph Rodman Drake, poet, died in New York city; born there 1795.
1832—Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford; born 1771.
1851—Steamer Jackson blown up at Shawneetown, Ills.; 35 killed and wounded.
1863—Cavalry battle at Bristol, Tenn.
1864—Cavalry battle on Front Royal Pike, Va.
1890—Red hot racket in Paris over the Boulanger revelations of conspiracy and fraud; several duels fought.

This Date in History—Sept. 22.

GEORGE III OF ENGLAND.

479 B. C.—The bloody battle of Platæa; the Greeks, with 110,000 men, almost totally destroyed the Persian host; Mardonius, Persian commander, was slain, and the great Persian invasion ended.
19 B. C.—Virgil, the Roman poet, died.
1604—Ostend, in Flanders, surrendered to the Spaniards.
1694—Philip Dormer Stanhope, famous as the Earl of Chesterfield, born in London; died 1773.
1761—George III and his queen crowned at Westminster.
1776—Nathan Hale, martyr of liberty, executed in New York city; his last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."
1862—President Lincoln issued his warning or preliminary proclamation of emancipation, to take effect Jan. 1, 1863.
1863—Calvary battles at Madison Court House, Va., Carter's Station and Blountsville, Tenn., and Rockville, Md.
1864—Battle of Fisher's Hill (or Woodstock), Va.; Sheridan defeated Early and then desolated all that part of Virginia.

This Date in History—Sept. 23.

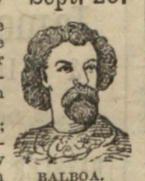
63 B. C.—Octavius Cæsar (later Emperor Augustus) born; died A. D. 14.
1694—Mary, daughter of James II and queen consort of William III, died of smallpox.
1745—Isaac Hayne, patriot, born in Beaufort district, S. C.; executed 1781.
1779—John Paul Jones won his famous victory over the Serapis and other British vessels.
1780—John Andre arrested near Tarrytown, N. Y.
1823—"Grace Greenwood" (Sarah Jane Clarke Lippincott) born in Onondaga, county, N.Y.
1836—Malibran (Maria Felicia Garcia), singer, died at Manchester, England; born 1808.
1843—George Frederick Pentecost, evangelist, born at Albion, Ills.
1846—Vinnie Ream (Hoxie), sculptor, born in Madison, Wis.
1869—"Black Friday;" disastrous panic in the New York stock market caused by manipulations of speculators.
1874—Typhoon at Hong-Kong, China; 30,000 people killed and $50,000,000 in property destroyed.
1880—Captain Boycott "boycotted," giving a new word to the language.
1890—Colon, Isthmus of Panama, burned; swarms of robbers took possession; troops called out and many robbers shot down.

This Date in History—Sept. 24.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

768—Pepin, king of France, died.
1404—William of Wykeham, founder of Winchester school, died.
1680—Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," died; born 1612.
1755—John Marshall, chief justice of the United States, born in Fauquier county, Va.; died 1835.
1757—Aaron Burr died at Princeton, N. J.; born 1716; famous minister and father of the notorious Aaron Burr.
1846—General Ampudia surrendered Monterey to General Taylor; American loss, 120 killed, 368 wounded; no return of Mexican loss.
1856—Steamer Niagara burned and 100 lives lost.
1864—General Sterling Price entered on his last invasion of Missouri; he invested the capital Oct. 7, was driven off, and after many contests abandoned the state in November.
1876—Great explosion at Hell Gate—the rock obstructions to the channel blown out, and safe approach to New York secured.
1890—Steamboat boiler exploded at New Castle, Pa., and killed 12 persons.

This Date in History—Sept. 25.


BALBOA.

1513—Balboa discovered the Pacific ocean west of the isthmus of Darien; four years later he was beheaded near the same place on a false charge of treason.
1775—Ethan Allen captured; he was confined as a criminal in England and New York till May 3, 1778, when he was exchanged.
1794—Mrs. Hemans (Felicia Dorothy Browne) born in Liverpool; died 1835.
1709—Battle of Zurich; Marshal Massena defeated the Russians under Korsakoff.
1808—Richard Porson, eminent Greek scholar and professor at Cambridge, died; born 1759.
1857—Lucknow relieved by the famous march and battle of Generals Havelock and Outram.
1864—"The colored troops fought nobly" at Sulphur Branch Trestle, Ala.; Johnsonville, Tenn., and Henderson, Ky.
1890—Serious riots in Tipperary; tenants and police fighting over the arraignment of the Nationalist leaders.

This Date in History—Sept. 26.

1750—Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, British admiral and colleague of Nelson, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne; died 1810.
1777—Sir William Howe made a triumphal entry into Philadelphia.
1820—Daniel Boone, famous pioneer, died at Charette, Mo.; born 1735.
1862—Cavalry battle at Warrenton Junction, Va., and Cambridge, Mo.
1863—Cavalry battle at Calhoun, Tenn.
1864—Cavalry battle at Vache Grass, Ark.
1874—The Right Rev. Henry Washington Lee died in Davenport, Ia.; born 1815.
1881—Final obsequies of President Garfield.
1890—The new national park containing the gigantic trees in Tulare county, Cal., set aside and named "The Sequoia National Park."

This Date in History—Sept. 27.

CRUIKSHANK.

1601—Louis XIII of France born; died 1643; son of Henry of Navarre and second king of the Bourbon line.
1627—Bossuet, eloquent French prelate, born at Dijon; died 1704.
1660—St. Vincent de Paul, founder and promoter of religious orders for charity, died.
1715—Dr. Thomas Burnet, author of the theory that the Mosaic account of creation is allegorical, died; born 1635; his "Sacred Theory of the Earth" was condemned by the British church, but is now accepted as orthodox.
1792—George Cruikshank, famous caricaturist, born in London; died 1878.
1825—The first railroad opened for trains, viz., the Stockton and Darlington road, built by Edward Pease and George Stephenson.
1830—William Babcock Hazen, soldier and writer, born at West Hartford, Vt.; died 1887.
1854—The great passenger steamer Arctic collided with the Vesta; both sunk; many lives lost, and the prominence of the lost made the calamity memorable on both continents.
1864—Battle of Pilot Knob, Mo.; General Hugh S. Ewing, with but 2,000 men, repulsed General Stirling Price, with some 8,000, and at night effected a safe retreat.
1876—General Braxton Bragg died at Galveston, Tex.; born 1815.
1890—General Abram Duryea, commander of the famous "Duryea Zouaves," died in New York city, aged 75.

This Date in History—Sept. 28.

490 B. C.—Battle of Marathon; Miltiades, with 11,000 Greeks, defeated 110,000 Persians; Greek loss 192, Persian loss 6,400; this battle saved European liberty and civilization from the Asiatics.
1066—William the Conquerer landed in England with 60,000 men.
1742—Jean Baptiste Massillon, celebrated French preacher, died; born 1663.
1746—Sir William Jones, famous oriental scholar, born in London; died 1794.
1763—John Byron, once famous as a pastoral poet, died in Manchester, England; born 1691.
1870—Strasburg surrendered to the Germans.
1875—The Rev. George B. Porteous drowned at Sea Cliff, L. I.
1888—Peter Kemp defeated Ed Hanlon in the international boat race at Sydney, N. S. W.

This Date in History—Sept. 29.

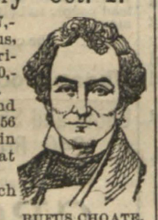
ADM'L NELSON.

48 B. C.—Pompey the Great assassinated by Septimius while landing in Egypt.
1560—Gustavus Vasa, king, political reformer and national hero of Sweden, died; born 1496.
1630—John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, born.
1723—Lady Rachel Russell, whose husband, Lord William Russell, was beheaded in 1683, died.
1725—Robert Lord Clive, military founder of the British empire in India, born; killed himself 1774.
1758—Admiral Horatio Nelson born; killed in the battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805.
1825—Daniel Shay, captain in the American revolution and leader of "Shay's rebellion," died at Sparta, N. Y., aged 85.
1867—The Emperor Maximilian, with his Mexican generals, Mejia and Miramon, shot at Queretaro by order of the republican government.
1890—Cotton exhibition at Pawtucket, R. I., to commemorate the centenary of the cotton manufacture there—begun 1790 by the Slaters.

This Date in History—Sept. 30.

480 B. C.—Euripides, Greek tragic poet, born at Athens; died in 406 B. C.; he narrowly escaped the fate of Socrates because "he hated women and did not think much of the gods."
106 B. C.—Cneius Pompeius (Pompey the Great) born; assassinated in Egypt in 48 B. C.
420—St. Jerome (Hieronymus) died at Bethlehem, Judea; born 340; he translated the Bible into Latin, founded monasteries, advocated a life of poverty, and insisted on the perpetual virginity of the Virgin Mary as a dogma of the church.
1734—Jacques Necker, famous banker and brother of Mme. de Stael, born.
1770—George Whitefield, famous preacher, died.
1805—Samuel Peter Heintzelman, general, born in Lancaster county, Pa.; died 1880.
1817—John W. Forney, journalist and politician, born at Lancaster, Pa.
1875—Archbishop John McCloskey made first American cardinal.

This Date in History—Oct. 1.


RUFUS CHOATE.

331 B.C.—Alexander, with 47,000 Greeks, defeated Darius, with a Persian army, variously estimated from 600,000 to 1,100,000, at Arbela.
1207—Henry III of England born; died 1272; reigned 56 years, the longest reign in British history except that of George III.
1684—Pierre Corneille, French tragic poet, born.
1754—Paul I of Russia born; murdered by a band of his nobles March 23, 1801.
1781—James Lawrence, American naval hero, born in Burlington, N. J.; died of wounds 1813; his last words were, "Don't give up the ship!"
1799—Rufus Choate, famous orator and lawyer, born at Essex, Mass.; died 1859.
1864—General movement of Federal cavalry and five minor battles.
1890—President Harrison signed the McKinley tariff bill and it became a law.

This Date in History—Oct. 2.

RICHARD III OF ENGLAND.

322 B. C.—Aristotle, positivist philosopher, founder of the school of peripatetics and tutor of Alexander the Great, died in exile at Chalcis; born 384.
1452—Richard III born at Fotheringay castle; killed at Bosworth, Aug. 22, 1485.
1780—Major John Andre, spy, hanged at Tappan, N. Y.
1842—Dr. William Ellery Channing, Unitarian divine, social reformer and abolitionist, died at Bennington, Vt.; born 1780.
1864—Desperate battle for possession of salt works at Saltville, Va.; General Burbridge was badly defeated by General John C. Breckenridge, losing 350 men.
1874—Four tons of gunpowder exploded on a barge in Regents Channel, England; great damage and twelve persons killed.

This Date in History—Oct. 3.

1566—Richard Boyle, famous Earl of Cork, born.
1656—Miles Standish, soldier and hero of New England romance, died in Duxbury, Mass.; born 1584.
1690—Robert Barclay, celebrated Scotch Quaker and author of "Barclay's Apology," died; born 1648; Charles II was so impressed with his ability that he made his estate of Ury a free barony; he left a large family, and many of his descendants live in the United States.
1691—Date of the treaty of Limerick, guaranteeing to the Catholics of Ireland "such rights as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II;" its subsequent violation caused a century and a half of religious and civil turmoils.
1800—George Bancroft, the historian, born.
1862—Confederate assault on Corinth, Miss.; two days of desperate fighting, often hand to hand; Confederates repulsed, after losing about one-fifth their entire force.
1867—Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, died in Brooklyn; born 1819.
1890—Germany guaranteed the coasting trade on the east of Africa for 4,000,000 marks, paid to the sultan of Zanzibar.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Cleanliness Should Be Inculcated as Soon as the Ivories Appear.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite and health on both," says Shakespeare. Health will fail to "wait" on either if parents allow their own and their children's teeth "to become a mass of decay" at an early age.

There is no one point on which people are so careless as the proper care of children's first teeth, and those of the second set that erupt between the fifth and seventh years of age.

There is no one condition that tends in a greater degree to produce good health and vigorous growth of the body than a good, sound set of teeth.

People do not relish the idea of being told they are careless or worse, but it would seem that a subject of such vital importance would receive the most careful attention.

Incalculable harm is done to both the health of a child and to the integrity of the second set of teeth, in allowing the temporary teeth to become decayed and abscessed, carrying pain and suffering and frequently indigestion and all its accumulated evils.

The number of children who have decayed teeth, and in many cases, a part of the first set gone and the second set badly broken down, is too great.

"Neglect is the mortal enemy of the teeth." If the first set of teeth is lost before the proper time the second set suffers much from their loss, and in some cases does not erupt at all. If decayed, the first should be filled with plastic filling material and let remain until their places are ready to be taken by the second teeth.

But a great deal of good can be accomplished by keeping the teeth brushed and cleaned. The patient should be taught to brush his own teeth and use the pick after every meal. It will do the parent no harm to practice the lesson occasionally himself.

In this manner one can save more teeth, using no instruments but the brush and pick (and, by the way, one should use nothing but a quill toothpick) and silk thread, than all the dentists can by performing their usual dental operations.

It must not be inferred that we can, by any means, always or in every case avoid the necessity of filling children's teeth. But when cared for properly, the defect would be detected at so early a stage that the operation for repair (filling) would be painless, not tedious, involving but little expense, and its durability beyond question.

If not filled then, while decaying, the mouth will be foul and unhealthy, the lips and tongue will be irritated, often severely, by the rough and ragged edge presented, the decay will be likely to reach the pulp, causing excruciating pain, the death and premature loss of the tooth, and lasting injury to the jaws and position of the incoming set.

The child will not and cannot chew on sore gums and teeth. The food will be put down and out of the way as soon as possible without the proper preparation of it for the stomach, and the result is early dyspepsia with its train of horrors. The one point of paramount importance which I wish to urge is, that the teeth should be kept clean from their first appearance through the gums, no matter how young the child may be, even if born with teeth, as some are.

They should be kept as scrupulously clean as the cheeks, the eyes or the ears, for they will suffer more from neglect, even though milk be the only food for the younger years. The brush is the only thing that will accomplish this.—Healthy Home.

Women Who Should Be Pitied.

How can a woman make herself over so as not to take things hard? I don't refer to the easy going women, who come into life well buttered, like hot biscuit, and with a dab of honey to help 'em along; I refer to nervous, eager, impulsive women, whose blood has pepper in it, and whom destiny serves with mustard and caper sauce instead of honey. How can such a woman train herself to a serene poise of mind wherein the besetting cares of life affect her no more than shadows affect the hills over which they fly? There's many and many a woman today whom her neighbors call a scold or a slattern, or altogether unlovely, whose life has gone to wreck on the rocks just through her fatal facility to take things hard.

The frets and worriments of life are the snags in the channel that make dreary wreck of peace and comfort. From the time of teeth cutting, when no other baby ever had so perilous a time, down to the welcome hour when death stands knocking at the outer gate, these women always have a hard time of it. A disappointment that to a less sensitive nature causes but a transient pang, to them brings hopeless despair. A domestic tiff means eternal disruption; an ordinary headache is congestion; a summer shower brings the deluge and every cloud foretells a tempest. These unfortunates find no rest and yield none. They are always vibrating like the chords of a harp rudely smitten. They are stabbed a dozen times a day by idle words that were not meant to wound.

They are slighted and insulted and snubbed, according to their morbid notion, when nobody ever intended to molest them. They go through life like a lobster without its shell. Their skin is thinner than rice paper; their heart is pinned upon their sleeve. Every breeze buffets them, every task drives them with a whip of many thongs, every vulture of care has its beak in their heart, and, I think, at last the cool touch of death upon their brow must be like the soft hand of a mother upon the fevered forehead that finds no surcease from pain's delirium.—Chicago Herald.

Hysterics.

Hysterics are, fortunately, not in the least fashionable. A young lady who so far forgets herself as to sob ungovernably in public is by no means an "interesting object," as she might have been considered in a more sentimental age. Still, if any one is so misguided as to succumb to a nervous attack, it is well for bystanders to remember that only heroic remedies will be of use.

A company of young people were one evening trying a foolish game of "mesmerism," endeavoring to influence one another to do stated things, when an excitable girl suddenly began to laugh and cry in rather an alarming manner. Her companions, quite distracted, were vainly trying to comfort and soothe her, when the mistress of the house came in, and at once understood the situation.

"Lettie," she said sternly to the weeping girl, "stop that noise this minute, and tell me what you mean by stepping on chocolate creams and spoiling my carpet."

The girl stopped crying at once, and stooping in confusion began removing the bits of candy from the floor. A new direction had been given to her thoughts, and in a few minutes she was calm enough to smile at the severity with which she had been treated.

On another occasion, a little girl innocently applied the same sort of remedy. Her aunt, who was recovering from a long illness, one day became hysterical, and the child, coming into the room, stopped, amazed at her excitement. In another minute she saw a far more interesting sight.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "Jip has got your pretty lace handkerchief under the sofa, and he's chewed it and chewed it!"

"Get it away from him!" cried the sufferer, forgetting to weep. "Crawl under and drag the little rascal out!" And, in bemoaning the wreck and lecturing Jip, she became once more a rational being.

Hysterics are not shams, and yet they are largely under the control of the will.—Youth's Companion.

Young Girls on Horseback.

We can look upon the declaration of Young America for sport with supreme gratification, as it argues well for the generation to come, but we should not lose sight of the fact that its benefits may be more than counterbalanced by injudiciously forcing these tastes. That there is danger of this is shown by the tendency to put girls on horseback at an age much too tender to have other than harmful results. It is marvelous that a mother who is usually most careful in guarding her child's safety should allow her little one to incur the risks attendant upon riding (which are great enough for a person endowed with strength, judgment and decision) without thought of the dangers she is exposed to at the time or what may be the evil effects in the future.

Surely parents do not realize what the results may be, or they would never trust a girl of eight years or thereabout to the mercy of a horse, and at his mercy she is bound to be. No child of that age or several years older has strength sufficient even to manage an unruly pony, which, having once discovered his power, is pretty sure to take advantage of it at every opportunity. Even if no accidents occur, the knowledge of her helplessness may so frighten the child that she will never recover from her timidity. It is nonsense to say she will outgrow it; early impressions are never entirely eradicated, and should she in after life appear to regain her courage, at a critical moment it will desert her and early recollections reassert themselves. —Harper's Bazar.

The Millionaire's Daughter at School.

Even in schools that refuse to accept girls unless there is a reasonable chance of their getting through the year, it is not unusual for one-third to be entered by their parents with the warning that their daughters are delicate and will need special consideration and watching—a warning in all probability followed by the request that they shall not be "bothered with mathematics." These weakly ones, if their mothers leave them alone, and if they themselves become interested in their work, by dint of three or four extra hours for rest and exercise, manage to hold out through the year, and frequently end it in improved health. But unless these two conditions are fulfilled they often fall by the way.

Nervousness, backache, weakness, loss of appetite generally follow soon upon the realization that school means work. A hard lesson to be mastered lays a girl low with a headache or dissolves her in floods of tears. Tears, indeed, especially during the first part of the year, are of daily downfall. Tears bedew knotty problems, tears greet the refusal to allow boxes of candy, tears fall copiously when overshoes are insisted upon and short fur capes are declared insufficient covering for zero weather. Moreover, let the fun run a bit too high, or a mischievous boy tap on the window in the evening, or a mouse suddenly appear, and only a dose of plain English and the valerian bottle prevent an epidemic of hysterics.—Charlotte W. Porter in Forum.

A Radical Woman Doctor.

Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly is one of the radicals of New York. Though of the same name, she is not related to the Pennsylvania congressman's daughter, with whom she differs in opinion as widely as both do from their conventional sisters. Dr. Kelly's shingle hangs out at 325 East Seventeenth street. She is physician to the Working Girls' clubs and the Working Girls' Benevolent society. Her house is filled with rare engravings and works of history and political economy. To look at this sweet faced, blue eyed little body, with soft, curly brown hair, drawn loosely back from a low, broad forehead, no one would dream of her extreme ideas. A little club of Russians and Germans meet in her parlors each Wednesday evening in summer and each Sunday in winter. Dr. Kelly was born in Tipperary, Ireland, less than thirty years ago. Her parents were both school teachers. They came to this country when she was quite young. She received her early education in New York and was graduated from the Woman's Medical college of the New York infirmary. —New York World.

The Dog versus Baby.

The meanest and the smallest cur stands no chance with an infant, to which all womankind seems to respond. But, strangely enough, a new mother who is expected to be, and has a right to be, silly about her child, is far less silly than she would have been in maidenhood if she had run to poodles and the like. She would not so fondle her dearest baby in public, would not so babble delightful nonsense in its attentive ear, as she would have done with the canine glamour in her eyes, and the canine mania in her brain.

A mother feels, despite her absorbing love in and consecration to her babe, that she should confine her raptures to the household, to the private circle, and not bore and annoy unsympathetic strangers with them. Not so the dog worshiper. She flaunts her disorder in everybody's face; forces it on universal attention. Is not this the best evidence that her worship is a species of disease? Unless it were so, would or could sympathy with the brute outweigh and outdo sympathy with humanity?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Cause of Bad Air in Houses.

A few of the causes which contribute to cold and uncomfortable houses is the imperfect arrest of dampness from the soil. The only way of securing a healthful house is to cut it off as much as possible from the soil on which it stands. Ideally, one may imagine a house standing on stilts or piers, having a free current of air

Educating Our Girls Abroad.

As a rule, the American girl seeks Europe for special study, either of music, art, or the purpose of acquiring one or more of the Continental languages—German, French and Italian. The question where, when and how to use time and money most profitably, i. e., to which province or cities to go; whether to enter at once a pension school where only French, German or Italian is spoken; or to live in some family where either language is spoken exclusively; or to take rooms and live enfamille, taking, perhaps, some meals at restaurants. Each method has certain advantages, also some objections.

In deciding where to go, for instance, to learn German, the Berlin cult will say, "In Bavaria the language is not spoken so purely as in northern Germany;" while the south German habitant claims the better accent, the Saxon and Austrian Germans have each local claims. But, in point of fact, German is well spoken and well taught by educated people throughout the German empire, yet in each separate province peasants and laborers and their children speak dialects which are as distinct as are the languages of the different tribes of American Indians, and can be understood nowhere else. Hence the conclusion that, all other things being equal, one province is as good as another for acquiring the language.

One of the greatest objections to the pension or boarding school is the insufficient diet. European cooking is so different from American, and at first so unpalatable, that young girls who ought to have appetizing and nourishing food and plenty of it, could not be sufficiently fed. Then, again, though these schools guard very carefully their pupils, association with girls so differently brought and whose moral training may or may not have been the best; also, the absence of home and religious helps is a vital objection to pension schools.

Of these schools, the Swiss are said to be the best, and in them French is far more readily acquired than in the Paris schools where so many American girls are sent, and where, as naturally would be the case, the English speaking pupils associate, and as a matter of course communicate in their own language.—Mrs. A. G. Lewis in Ladies' Home Journal.

Laundering Shirts.

A correspondent asks that we devote a few words to the laundering of linen shirts and collars. The best method of starching these is to dip them in regular boiled starch and dry them, then restarch them in cold starch. A little borax or beeswax, or sometimes a few drops of kerosene, should be added to the boiled starch to prevent its sticking and to assist in the work of polishing; but the polish put on gentlemen's shirts at the laundries is done chiefly by the vigorous and rapid use of the polishing iron.

Where shirts are done up at home there should be a "bosom board," made in such a manner that the bosom may be stretched upon it and fastened down at the four corners with clamps. The worker, after getting the bosom in place, rubs it vigorously with cloth and uses the polishing iron. A good polishing iron is nickel plated, and is worth from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Gentlemen's turnover collars are often ironed over a form, but this is not necessary. A skillful laundress will easily turn them and use her iron in such a manner as to roll the band in the proper curving shape. She will then tie the buttonholes together in order that they shall dry in this shape.

Remember in ironing shirts that everything about the ironing board should be spotlessly clean. Have on hand abundance of salt to polish off at once any bit of starch that may cling to the iron after using. The beauty of a polishing iron, however, should be that it is used so rapidly that no starch will cling to it. Boiled starch, if properly made and rubbed in, does not cling to the iron, nor is there any such danger from the raw starch which is used to dampen the bosom, if it is properly put in. All boiled starch, however, should be strained, a process that is very often omitted by the laundress.—New York Tribune.

Take the Baby Out Every Day.

Nothing is more important to the health of a young infant than plenty of outdoor air—in the middle of the day in winter, early in the morning and in the evening in summer, and whenever it is pleasant and not too cold and damp or too sunny in autumn and spring. There are some very windy days in spring, when it is just as well, if the windy "spell" does not last more than a day to keep the baby indoors. A windstorm is far more dangerous than rain.

While no one would advise taking a baby out airing in a pelting rain, it is better to take him out in a slight snowstorm or "mere sprinkle" of rain than to keep him "cooped up" in the foul air of an unventilated nursery. The windows of the nursery or room where the child is kept should be open wide while it is out taking its airing, and closed and warmed up before it comes in.

A slight fever which comes from teething or indigestion is often allayed by a walk in the pure open air. This is nature's own medicine, more soothing than all the sleeping drafts in the world to a restless, nervous child. In the summer, so far as practicable, a baby should live outdoors under the apple trees, or in any dry place not exposed glaringly to the rays of the sun. A nap taken in his carriage under the apple trees will be more soothing than one in the nursery within doors.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The No Pocket Mystery.

Why do not women wear pockets? John Hamilton Reynolds, Keats' friend, knew a lady who wore pockets she could carry books in, but that was seventy years ago. The result of this deficiency is that woman keeps her cards, money and other matters in a purse which she carries about in her hand. Where the public suffers is in omnibuses and at ticket offices. Here, while a crowd murmurs, woman wastes the golden hour by dipping, like the swallow, into the many compartments of her purse, where she finds various matters of personal interest, probably, but never the proper change.

They say that women would fain wear the distinctively male attire. Ah, that she would! Then she would have her silver in one pocket and her pence in the other, all handy. That the kindness of the sex is shown by their prolonged flirtations through the window with the ticket clerks we all admit. That is a dull life of the ticket clerk's, and woman entertains him, as the daughters of Ocean comforted Prometheus. But a hurried and selfish public is apt to be irritated while it waits the close of the railway idyl, the Oaristys of the station.—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated News.

In eighteen months Miss Kate Smith rose from a sixty dollar clerkship under government, to one with a $1,600 dollar salary. She is the only woman chief of division in the service of the government.

BE JUST TO CHILDREN.

MANY RUINED THROUGH HAVING THEIR MOTIVES MISTAKEN.

Parents Should Be Careful Not to Misconstrue the Actions of Their Little Men and Women—Look Back at Your Own Childhood—An Episode in Point.

So much has been said about the management of children that mothers begin to weary of it all, and yet of children I wish to speak. Would that my voice could reach every woman's heart, whether mother, sister or teacher. First, I wish to lead you back to your own childhood. Did you ever begin to do some odd job that you had not been told to do, but that you supposed yourself fully capable of performing, expecting to be thanked for kindly helping, only to find that you had done the worst piece of mischief that you possibly could, and, more than all, were told that you had done it out of pure mischievousness?

If you never had such an experience it must have been because servants were so plenty that nothing was left to do, or that you were too indolent to exert yourself. A friend that I was visiting had a bright boy of six years, with a loving disposition, always willing to help every one, but apparently the most mischievous of children. His mother was in despair. She confided her trouble to me, and I resolved to watch him, and see if I could not find out the reason he had won such a name as "Little Mischief."

The next morning at the table, my friend remarked that the weather was so beautiful that she would remove her plants from the sunny window they occupied to the veranda; but, she added, "I do dread to do it; it is so tedious, and it tires me so."

WANTED TO HELP MOTHER.

I noticed how the little eyes sparkled, and knew as well as if he had told me that the little fellow had heard what she said, and would try to do the much dreaded job for her. Not long after she ran over to Mrs. A.'s, and no sooner did the gate shut than Harry was active. The flower stand was already in the accustomed place, waiting for the plants. One by one, carefully, he lifted the heavy pots, and, without breaking a leaf, transferred them to their summer quarters. Sometimes he paused a moment to rest, then went bravely to work again. His face was a picture of happiness. He was helping his mamma.

I watched and wondered if this would also be laid to his mischievous propensities. My friend was gone rather longer than she expected, for, as she told me afterward, Mrs. A. had a love of a bonnet that she must see, as well as several costly additions to her parlor furniture. Ah! there lay the secret of her discontented looks, for she had told me that owing to several losses she would not be able to expend much money on her summer outfit. As she came in the gate her face passed through all the phases of surprise, dismay, and finally anger.

"Harry, come here this instant. What have you been doing? How dare you touch my plants?"

Stinging blows fell on the hands that had toiled so thanklessly.

"You are always into some mischief!" she exclaimed.

I watched the child; he was heartbroken. His bosom heaved, and his sobs were pitiful.

"Go to your room and stay the rest of the morning." He obeyed.

"There! What did I tell you? How can I manage such a boy?"

"By simply understanding him," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"This. Your little boy wanted to help you; I read it in his face. His motives were the best. You said it tired you so, and he generously did the disagreeable task for you."

"But if he had dropped one?"

"He did not, and if he had, a broken plant is better than a broken heart. I tell you candidly, if you do not act differently with that boy he is ruined." They were harsh words, but I knew the mother heart would in time forgive them.

"What can I do?"

"Put yourself in his place. Find out his motive if you can, and, believe me, ten times out of twelve what passes for mischief is only a wish to lighten your burdens; a desire of the loving heart to help you."

She went with me to the veranda. We rearranged the plants, and I called her attention to the heavy pots, and then to the little aching arms and back, and after she had acknowledged she was glad they were moved, I begged her to tell her little boy the same."

"What! acknowledge that I did wrong to punish him? I would lose all control over him if I did that."

"Try this time and see," I urged. And she did.

WHEN SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM.

When she entered Harry's room he sat in a chair by the window, quietly watching the floating clouds. Still smarting from a sense of injustice, he did not look around or smile.

Harry, come here." He obeyed. "Why did you move the plants? Tell me the exact truth."

He looked up to her face, and reading encouragement there simply said:

"Because you said it tired you so. I am most a man now. I can help you lots. I did not break one, not one, mamma, and they were heavy. Are you glad now I did it, mamma?"

"Yes, yes, Harry, and I was cross and hurt your hand. I am sorry."

"Oh, it does not hurt any more now. Next time I'll wait till you tell me."

They came back together, and I saw by the looks of my friend that she had learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten. That was six years ago. They called while passing through our town this winter, and a more gentlemanly, helpful boy would be hard to find. She said: "I have you to thank. From the day of the much needed lesson I watched and looked into the motives of my child, and always found that the so called mischief arose from a desire to be useful. I soon got acquainted with my boy and had no more trouble with him. He is now my greatest comfort."

Mothers, fathers, all that have charge of precious souls, beware how you misconstrue their motives! Though they may perhaps seem to do things out of pure mischief, be sure it is so before you punish them, lest they cease to care, and as they have the name, only wish to make it fact. Oh, the men and women that have gone to destruction from having their motives mistaken, their actions misconstrued! Be sure none of these sins are laid to your charge.—Dudley Dorn in Housekeeper.

The finest collection of Indian trophies in Washington is owned by Mrs. General Logan. They are preserved in that part of her home which she has given up to the storage and exhibition of relics of the general, and which she calls her "memorial hall."

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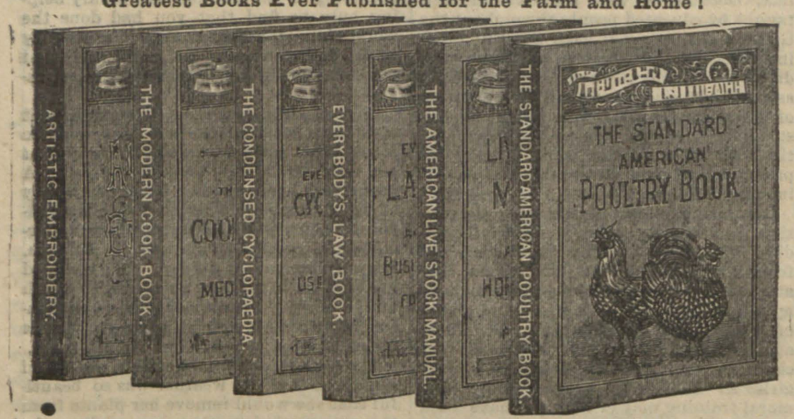

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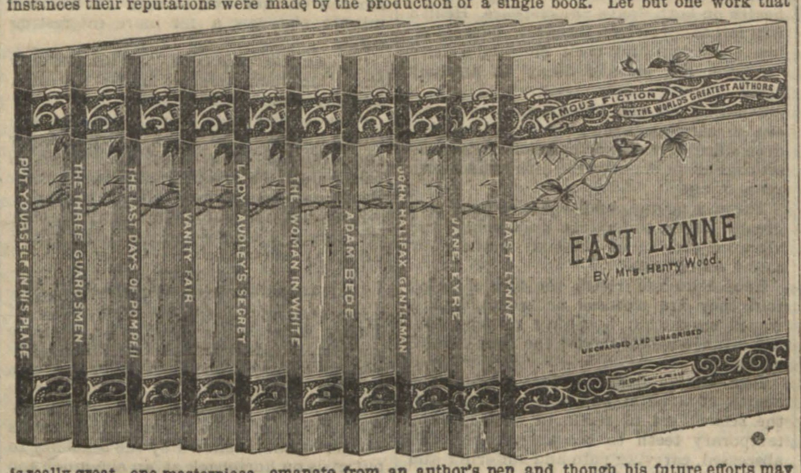

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An Adept.

Jack (who has been called in for punishment and regaled with an account of his misdoings)—Did Dick Van Twiller tell you that, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Jack.

Jack (reproachfully)—And you believed him?

Mamma—Yes, Jack.

Jack—Well, I don't blame you for believing him, mamma. He's the most beautiful liar in the whole school!—Boston Beacon.

No Change.

"No, Harry, I am sorry, but I am sure that we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in every thing."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it—after we were married."—Life.

Her Tears Were Not for the Coat.

A wealthy cabin passenger who landed from the Arizona recently, and who for his wife's sake does not care to have his name published, tells the following story:

"On a windy night when I turned into my berth I found myself very restless, and at about 2 o'clock on the nefft morning, being still unable to sleep, I determined to go on deck and take a smoke. I dressed myself, and as it was blowing rather hard I carried with me a well worn light summer overcoat that I had not used in a long time. As the breeze, though strong, was rather warm, however, I had no need of the coat, so I looked about for some place to lay it down until I had finished my cigar. Then I noticed how shabby it was, and I held it up by the collar, wondering whether I had better throw it overboard or keep it until I reached New York and give it to some poor man. A sudden gust of wind decided the question for me. It filled the old coat like a balloon, dragged it out of my hand and carried it a quarter of a mile to leeward.

"I thought it rather a whimsical incident, and at breakfast I tried to make my wife laugh by telling her about it, but it did not amuse her at all. On the contrary, she was so distressed that she hastily left the table lest any one should see her sorrow, and when I followed her to our stateroom I found her in tears.

"I was very much astonished. Between you and me she is a more than ordinarily sensible woman, and it seemed impossible that the loss of a wornout overcoat should have thus opened the fountains of her grief.

"'Oh, James,' she said. 'I am not crying for the old coat, but (sob) there were $300 worth of lace that I bought in Belgium stitched into its lining. I knew you hated smuggling, so I didn't tell you about it. Boo hoo.'"—New York Sun.

Why Fat Men Suffer with Heat.

A well known Detroit society man, who is somewhat larger in the girth than the lines of beauty and the rules of perfect physique call for, is going to Boston this summer to take a few lessons in education. One of the recent hot days he met a girl from that town, and after fanning himself till his arm was black and blue he said: "I don't see why I get so hot. Other people don't seem to suffer as I do."

"Well," she replied, "it is very simple indeed; fat men"—

"I beg your pardon," he said haughtily.

"Excuse me," she twittered, "it is very simple, indeed. Stout men suffer more because gravity is an ethereal force continually streaming from space through every solar or celestial body. If the body is not movable with relation to some larger body this force of gravity becomes that form of molecular motion which we call heat. As gravity depends upon the mass of a body, and as heat is in one sense gravity, it follows that the larger a body is the hotter it is, hence, Mr."——

But she didn't finish the sentence, for Mr. —— was in such a state of collapse by the time she had got to that point he had to be carried out to the hydrant.

And he isn't going to see that girl when he goes to Boston either.—Detroit Free Press.

A Painful Hint.

Cupid was flying irregular between them, so to speak, as they were strolling along out Woodward avenue last Sunday afternoon. He was feeling a good deal like a man going past a graveyard and was whistling.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle," she said pettishly. "It is positively rude."

He looked at her a moment and stopped. Then he began to sing softly.

He sang for, say, five minutes.

"Harry," she said almost tenderly.

His face lighted up with hope.

"Please whistle," she said so pleadingly that he got on the next car and went home alone.—Detroit Free Press.

An Objection to Matrimony.

Mrs. Bombazine—Mr. Gilhooly, you have been engaged to my daughter Jane for more than two years. Why do you not marry her?

Gilhooly—My dear madam, that would never do. It would not be an easy matter to find another such nice sweetheart as Jane.—Texas Siftings.

Hard Lines.

Miss Summit (at the seaside)—What are you beginning that novel over again for? I thought you had nearly finished it.

Miss Palisade—So I had. But I lost the place.—Life.

Which One Was Kept?

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said, with a frown,
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

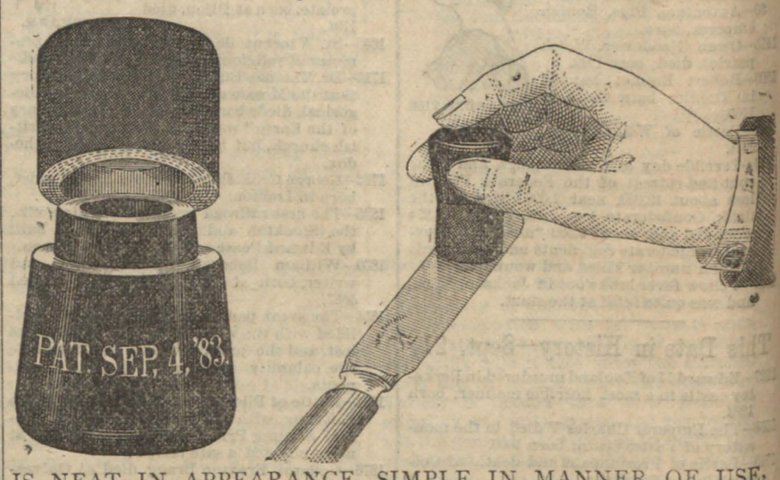
"Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"
—Fashion Bazar.

Wordsworth a Great Eater.

It will surprise many admirers of a great English poet of this century to learn that he was a great eater. In the latest edition of Lamb's works it is stated that the person with whom the Lambs boarded at Enfield charged usually one shilling extra when they had a friend at dinner, but when Wordsworth was the guest they charged one and sixpence. When Lamb remonstrated, saying: "He's a great poet," the practical landlord replied: "Don't know about the great poet, but he's a great eater."—Boston Traveler.

The Daisy Knife Cleaner



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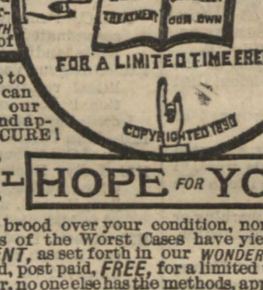

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